

Laughs Make You Live Longer--Here's a Page of Lite

Just Folks

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FISHING.

A day to dream
Along the stream,
The songs of birds
Instead of words
And pictures rare
Flung everywhere.

Instead of smoke
To blind and choke,
An atmosphere
That's sweet and clear,
The trees instead
Of chimneys here.

A patch of sky
To rest the eye;
Instead of noise,
A thousand joys;
Instead of greed,
A kindlier creed.

A day to dream
Along a stream,
To think and plan,
Restores a man,
And this he knows
Who fishing goes.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

THEY HAVE Judge Landis.	WHAT THEY'RE doing down there.
TO CLEAN up baseball.	WITH ALL the money.
AND WILL play.	WE'RE PAYING them.
TO CLEAN up pictures.	WHEN WE'RE paying as much.
AND FRANKLIN Roosevelt.	AS WE used to pay.
TO CLEAN up construction.	FOR FOUR million soldiers.
AND OF course the public.	AND A great big war.
IS PAYING for it.	AND IT isn't so much.
AND THAT'S all right.	THAT I have to pay it.
AND IF it happened.	AS IS the fact.
I DIDN'T like it.	I HAVE no idea.
I COULD stay away.	WHAT IT'S all about.
FROM THE baseball games.	AND IT doesn't matter.
AND THE picture shows.	FOR WHOM I vote.
AND I'VE been wondering.	OR WHO'S elected.
HOW IT would be.	OR ANYTHING.
IF THE common mortals.	IF GOES right on.
WHO HAVE no unions.	AND SO far as I know.
OR FARMERS' blocs.	THERE ISN'T a thing.
OR LOBBYISTS.	I CAN do about it.
OR THINGS like that.	AND I'VE got to stand up.
COULD GET together.	WHENEVER THEY sing.
AND HIRE someone.	"IN THE land of the free.
AND SEND him to Washington.	"AND THE home of the brave."
AND HAVE him find out.	AND IT makes me mad.
AND LET us know.	



I THANK you.

SUNSHINE PELLETS

By W. F. Thompson

Said old Mr. Blank:
"I'm a sleeping porch crank,
I sleep out, raiting or shining;
I never take cold,
In fact, I am told,
It keeps my youth from declining."

Nature often affects a cure in
spite of treatment.
The last remedy that one takes,
just before he gets well, is the one
that always cures him.

When the eagle screams, the
stork takes to the woods.

The applicant for life insurance
often discovers that he has hidden
—hence the importance of thorough
examinations.

We are not so sure about the
widow's weeds, but all others should
be cut.

Dr. I. Phil Graves has opened an
office near the undertaking establish-
ment of Berry M. Deep.

A negro voodoo doctor has an
"X-ray eye" that makes him find
fat and fat folks thin. It's a durn
poor eye that won't work both
ways.

We send missionaries to China to
educate the "heathen" while our
home folks seek succor from their
bodily ills under the mystic spell
of African voodooism.

When some member of your family
faints, it is always a good plan
to phone for several doctors. It
gives you a chance to "pick a winner."

A drink or two of booze,
A wink or two of snooze,
An ache or two,
A shake or two,
A day or two of blues.

Broadcasting by radio is electro-
cution of education.

Seven your bungalow or the doc-
tor's you'll own.

Give me a bed and a disease and
I will "cure" the disease.

The Russian version: Trotsky to
Bolsky to buy a quart of vodka.

The best way to clean a vacant
lot is to plant a garden on it.

The productivity of Kansas corn
used to be reckoned—per quart
acre.

Tramples, like cats, have nine
lives. You can't drown them in
soup.

Some live to dream, some to eat,
and some for the benefit of the
doctor.

The clean bare floor is sanitary;
the carpeted one decidedly un-san-
itary.

Some say, we always prefer the
fresh, young thing; there's the
snink, for instance.

The fellow who makes no en-
deavor other than to "just get by"
will always just get by.

"So you want a guide, eh?" The
owner of "Mountain View Inn" pointed
to a villainous fellow who was
leaning against the door. "That
there is a doggone good guide. I've
got three of 'em, and that man out
there chopping wood is another
one."

"Do you mean that savage-look-
ing fellow with the red hair and
bowie knife?"
"Yep, that's him—the other
guide is cleaning his rifle upstairs."
"Well, I want the one that's up-
stairs," sighed the traveler.

MUTT AND JEFF—Nothing From Nothing Leaves Nothing.

By BUD FISHER



CASEY THE COP—The Lades Won't Leave Him Alone!

By H. M. TALBURT



BARNEY GOOGLE—Waiting's the Easiest Thing Barney Can Do.

By BILLY DE BECK



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Try This In a Falsetto.

By AL. POSEN



POLLY AND HER PALS—When It Comes to Calssifying Anatomy, Pa's an Expert

By CLIFF STERRETT

